Dartgoh the Lessoning

A Play by Stephen Armour

Characters
Mrs Complete-Partial (Mrs C.P.)
Teachers Aide
Debbie (a student)
Sam (a student)
Dartgoh the Chaos Fiend From The Hornedskull Dimensions
Nurse
Student 1
Student 2

(IN A CLASSROOM NOT YET VISIBLE) Mrs C.P. And students

Mrs Complete-Partial: (READING) Debbie Yogony- Ahhhaaahhahaaaa (IN PAIN) oww I bashed my wrist on the roll call again.

(LIGHTS ON/CURTAIN REVEAL MRS C.P. AND STUDENTS ARE IN A CLASSROOM)

Mrs C.P.: Whelp, better send for the nurse just to be safe. Saftey first people!(USES INTERCOM) Nurse please to Mrs Complete-Partials room please thank you. I have injured my wrist on the roll call again. (TURNS TO THE CLASS AND READS) where were we? Oh yes Debbie Yoyony?

STUDENT(Deb) (RUSHES INTO THE CLASSROOM) Here. Just had a soccer team meeting. And it is Yolony.

Mrs CP: Well the way it is written here it looks like Yoyo to me. Is it possible your name is just not very good? Not very good name...hmmm.

DEB: (RESIGNED) Whatever.

MCP: AAAAAaannd that completes the roll call for this morning. I would like to add all your stupid names sound like stupid and made up nonsense to me and you will all receive 40 minutes detention for it some time next week when I can sort it out.

CLASS: (TOGETHER GRUMBLING) AWWWWww

Mrs C.P.: (TEETER STOMPS TO THE FRONT OF THE ROOM) Well Well Well, here we are again. And look who it is(LOOKS AROUND THE CLASSROOM). Look at who we have here. If it isn't MY school class ....before me once more. Here in the classroom. A class full of students. MY students...in MY classroom. Exact-ely where they should be... it would seem. Just like yesterday and the day before that and before and before and again and again and so on. And here we are again. Co-incidence? I don't think so. (PONDERS) But maybe. Hard to be sure.

SAM: (DROPS A BINDER ON THE FLOOR)

M.C.P.: (SPINS DRAMATICALLY) You there. Mr. Anderston. Stop eating your head immediately; filthy ugly things that it is.

SAM: But I wasn't . And that is not my name.

M.C.P: It is no use arguing child. We are all stuck here together in our roles. Call it fate. Call it uncaring coercive social forces. Or call it tuna melt sandwiches on old rye bread. It does not matter.

STUDENT 1: Damned yapiest yapfest yapathon in the history of lecturehood.

M.C.P.: Your minds must be challenged sharp or they will raisin shrivel up like heartbroken slugs in the barbecue.

DEB: Using the human mind to try to understand the human mind eventually causes it to explode inside out the top of your own skull immediately.

MCP: But that is our assigned task for this place: our road to tread. Tread until we surely be dead.

STUDENT 1: I gotta go get my backpack.

MCP.: It does not matter. What matters is we are here once again to in order to teach each other. My name, for those new to the class, is Mrs Complete-Partial. Or Mrs C.P. for short if you are too lazy and unintelligent to use my full name. Which you certainly are. I am the teacher. You, as we know from before, are the students. Although I am SUPPOSEDLY the teacher according to some sort of silly conventions or another, it is undoubtable we shall all try to reach each other with our understandings, or perhaps it is misunderstandings. Either way all our reachings and teachings will be for nought we will leave here no cleverer than when we came in and will be much more confused for the effort spent learning. We will ceaseless try in this lost place to fruitlessly share our knowledge until we give up in frustration or die. I am here to make sure it is madness inducing death that illustriously gloriously prevails.

Sam: If you are trying to say it is impossible for people to share knowledge with each other you are probably just a nutjob.

MCP: What I am SAYING, Han is that I am interested to see who completed last nights Frankern-homeworkstein. Please turn in your results now in the tray in front of my desk.

(THE STUDENTS LOOK AROUND AT EACH OTHER BUT NO ONE MOVES)

MCP: No one I see. No one managed to create intelligent life from non life? Interesting. Perhaps you are all just too foolish for this process. So much for your sharing peoples and how clever they are with their nutjob probabilities and inabilities.

STUDENT 2: Well that is no so easy! Have you created life from non life?

MCP: PPFFF Me? Last time I checked, I am life created from non life, As my horoscope clearly triumphs-ant told me that one time. And I have no trouble with the process anymore.

STUDENT 1: Right. We believe ya. You are from outer space or something. We figured that out already. From the constant stream of nasty gibberish you subject us too.

MCP: How many times do I have to tell you to stop talking? That is rule number 7, no talking.

STUDENT 1: You have never told me that and I was not talking.

MCP: Oh dear...talking and talking back. That's rule 7 and rule 12 broken. Now you have to spend the rest of the morning with your hand in the hornet jar. Please go see the nurse and ask her to get you a hornet jar for your hand, please.

STUDENT 1: (LEAVING) Yeah yeah yeah. (EXITS)

MCP: The greatest rule we have is rule 7 or the no talking rule. It is the greatest rule as the greatest fools in the world are people who when some one tells them to be quiet- comply with the demand.

SAM: Then that sounds like talking in class should be rewarded not punishme-...

MCP: -SHSHHHSHSSShhhh. I know my business and I don't need outsiders telling me how to do my stuff.

Sam: SO I am not supposed to listen to that right?

MCP: We have the number 7 rule, The no talking rule, to weed out who is stupid enough to follow it and then turn them into abused graduate students after several years of manipulative praise.

Student 2: When do we get our essays back from the start of the class.

MCP: Well there was a problem with those. It appears some one (GRABS A SHEET OF PAPER AND READS TO THE CLASS) "Thinks I am AHEM insane to make you guys write an essay on who you think you are." and that I, AHEM, "See you how I want to see you." and that you "Were brainwashed up until this morning."

SAM: That doesn't sound like anyone here.

MCP: SHHH and that "you guys are are a brain and a princess and a weirdo and a criminal and a (STRAINING) AAAaaaaaa (THINKS) I want to say...ah..eee...ice cream vendor(?) CONFIDENTLY) ice cream vendor it was ice cream vendor.

STUDENT 2: Did someone really write that as their essay?

MCP: Yes...(PAUSE) (SADLY) noo... but I seen this movie long ago that I really liked, it was pretty much why I became a teacher. I always hoped it would happen like that.

SAM: What was the movie called?

MCP: UMMM..it was.....Detention The Movie? I think that was it. It was like "detention for you." "YEAH!"..." Ya wanna another one?"..." YEAH. WOOOOHH. Awesome."

SAM: UMMmm?

MCP: I know right. Awesome. YA WANNA 'nother detention SAM? DO YA?

SAM: Do I have a detention?

MCP: OH right. No you don't. But like, Get this: YA WANT A DETENTION MISTER?

SAM: No. Why would I want a detention?

MCP: HMMMm. I am not sure. Why would you want a detention right? Well it made sense during Detention The Movie.I am not sure how to demonstrate it here but they were all really excited about the detentions in that movie. It was great. Sorry I can't do it justice here guys. Just go see that movie you will understand why it is so great.

SAM: Maybe we should watch it in class.

MCP: No, we have real detentions here we don't need made up movie detentions. Instead I would like to comment on this actual essay someone wrote at the start of the term on "All Politics Being Aggressive Begging These Days". While technically this is true, as a semi political entity I take offence to the wording of this essay. Anyway pretty sure this student was assassinated anyway so I am not too worried.

STUDENT 2: We did have some students stop showing up a while back.

SAM: I am not sure how any of this is helpful to our education.

MCP: Helpfulness? From people who get paid to interact with people? The point of the people professions is to usurp human benevolence not to propagate it. We are all brazen strumpets in people work. Brazen strumpets trying to rob our paramours out there. Human good will is our meal ticket. You are there to serve us. We need you to draw resources to ourselves. You and your misery. We have no other game. Your actual objective well being is of no concern to us and in fact would likely serve as a deterrent toward our feigned helpfulness. People doing poorly are easier to feed off of.

DEB: Can't you guys actually help people sometimes though?

MCP: Only by accident.

STUDENT 2: Well that all makes much more sense now. The key to people work is to convince party A that the only way to help party B is to give resources to party C. Then party C uses those resources to better itself instead.

MCP: Yes people work is all begging and partying in equal measure. I like these equations. It also helps to abuse the people you are supposed to help whenever you can. Just in case they make trouble for you later. You will have already gotten your revenge before when it was easier to do so. By the time people realize we are vultures we have already moved to to the next meal.

DEB: people help each other all the time....

MCP: Sure. Regular people. How boring and unprofitable that must be. The important thing is to pretend you know how to live everyone's life better than they do. OK class, yesterday we learned the names of the continents and the oceans. So now you...Dan...

SAM: That's not my name.

MCP: Tell me the exact latitude and longitude of the city of Lagos?

SAM: The African city?

MCP: Any Lagos is fine.

SAM: Co-ordinates? I don't know.

MCP: Then why did you say the African city?

SAM: Ummm I don't know.

MCP: Well how is it you don't know?

SAM: **I DON'T KNOW**!!!!

MCP: You don't know that you don't know.. How is that possible?

SAM: Bahahahahaa I don't know. I don't know. I don't know

MCP: I had no idea it as possible to know so little. This is clearly your defeat at the hands of the all powerful educations systems. All will bow to us and anguish! The correct answer is to not know what you do know. I would also have given half marks for nobody knows poopturds about anything.

NURSE: (ENTERS. STANDS IN THE DOORWAY) Don't let it go to your head.

MCP: Right nurse. Thank you. Very good advice.

NURSE: There is definitely something wrong with your demented misshapen head. You should have let me look at it ages ago. (MOVES FULLY INTO THE CLASS. THE AIDE and STUDENT 1 ENTERS FOLLOWING NURSE) I found this person in the grounds is this the teachers aide you told me about?

MCP: Ah look our new class aide is here. Excellent. do you know who I am?

TEACHER'S AIDE: Complete-Partial.

MCP: That is school TEACHER Mrs Complete Partial.

TEACHER's AIDE: Not my teacher.

MCP: I know classroom aide. You have no teachers. only days of high adventure playing Jenga and excursions to the local ponds with uncivilized barbaric students.

TA: What do you want?

MCP: Your help.

TA: You have nothing I want.

MCP: Are you sure? Look deeply into this projection screen. Show me your deepest desires of your wildest heart! Think!

(TA STARES INTO THE SCREEN HYPNOTICALLY)

MCP: What do you see?

TA: I see an important modern writer like say C.S. Lewis..Nah...Ray Bradbury... yeah Ray Bradbury. Bradbury giving a lecture in my classroom. No, at the local college which invites public school class children to be in the audience. We got a special invitation from Ray himself. The Lecture is supposed to be on writing but instead it gets rude with the administration of the school in a not very subtle manner. These jerks never could properly recognize talent. Like I could be a major player in education policy and yet I doing this stuff here instead. What gives with that?

MCP: I can make that happen!

TA: You can bring back the dead?

MCP: Yes...oh you mean your career in education or Bradbury? err well... or I can at least find unsubtle rude lecturers, clueless admin's, and bratty audiences. Those things are easily accessible these days thanks to the rampant nonsense on the internet.

TA: What must I do?

MCP: It is scribbled in the margins of the sacred geography textbook of skeleez that a marked student must make a journey of greatest peril...to the soccer tournament trophy cabinet from the slightly fancier school a few blocks over. This student shall return with an important first place trophy that we should have won at the Dartgoh soccer tournament earlier this year. The trophy totally must be combined with the bust of President Nixon's head to awake the perpetually sleepy chaos fiend Dartgoh from the Hornedskull Dimensions. We who give him life will RULE ALL forevermore by his right hand!

TA: Where can we find this market student?

MCP: Marked student. Our teams soccer captain DEB here is marked as just the person for the job by the little felt tip marker happy face drawn on their hand! See that they return to the school safely with the trophy!

STUDENT 2: I think she just drew that on her hand this morning with a dried up orange sharpie marker.

MCP: (PRIVATELYTO NURSE) You must go with them nurse, leave the aide as a scapegoat. Make sure the soccer captain returns to be sacrificed.

TA: Let us leave this place and begin our task at once. (DEB, TA and NURSE EXIT)

MCP: OK pop quiz time.

SAM: But everyone is gone.

MCP: Now, I know there is a birthday party this weekend. I want you all to write a half a page to a page on why I was not invited. Also I would like to be invited. What a thing to have to do, to have to force your students to write essays on why you were no' invited to their birthday parties.(EXASPERATED) Would it not just be easier to invite me to the party?

SAM: Well it is my b-day party, but my parents and siblings are arranging it.

MCP: (SADLY) But they know me. (HOPEFULL) They like me don't they? right?

SAM: (NOT CONVINCINGLY) Ummm sure.

NURSE and DEB: (ENTER) We are back with the trophy.

MCP: Wow you guys are fast. How did you get to do that so fast? Did you plan it out from end to beginning? Is that why you were so fast. Did you make it all up as you went by the seat of your pants flying along? Is that why you were so fast? (SPEAKING QUICKER AND QUICKER) Was it faster than me eating my flaky rhubarb rub-burn scabs two days after after my Sunday gardening adventures? Well not that fast. But DEF fast. DEF very fast indeed. great job! (PAUSES AND SLOWS DOWN) Which makes me sad. Any success at all is painful to me. I cannot stand to see people successfully do anything. You know it is interesting, if you spend years as a pedagogue as I have, then, of course, you must see persons fail just as I must see people fail. I must see each and every human being reduced to the most pitiful poo turd they can become. Only then can I be satisfied with myself. It is a contrast thing, I think. Or maybe it is just fun.

DEB: We told the Principal we are cleaning specialists for trophies and he had it sent over to us.

MCP: Excellent? And our scoundrel-ous teachers aide?

NURSE: What a thing to have to do, to spend all this time with someone planning and executing a perfect heist only to leave him covered in glue, Pokemon cards, and laffytaffy in the elemen-tray school (SHAKES HEAD). He will not bother us again. They will giddily peel his flesh off in no time. I have seen those little savages can flay a store shelf out of starburst and skittles in seconds before (SHUDDERS).

SAM: What is an Element Tray ?

MCP: Then we can begin the ritual.

NURSE: The ritual MUST be completed once started. Any interruptions could prove earth shattering disaster.

MCP: Well good thing we have the no talking rule. That should sort it out.

SAM: (ANNOYED AT BEING IGNORED) What is an Element Tray?

NURSE: But only idiots listen to that rule.

MCP: No problem My teaching has likely successfully created enough idiocy we should be fine.

NURSE: (NODS)

MCP: Begin the ritual (MCP AND NURSE TURN TO DEB AND START HUMMING) Ahhhhummmmm.

NURSE: What do you think about not winning first place in the soccer tournament in the first place?.

DEB: I think I am not very good I guess.

NURSE: Wrong! Never tell anyone what you think! Do you want to end up like Rosanne Barr?

STUDENT: I liked her national anthem song.

TEACHER'S AIDE: (ENTERS) I am going to save you Deb. (THROWS MARKER AT NURSE)

NURSE: OOWWWwwwww. Oh no! You broke the ritual!

MCP: Kill her. We must kill her quickly. She must be sacrificed. Or Catastrophe will doom befall us all.

TA: Too late for that. Ya screwed up old handbag.

MCP: Put aside your strange fashion accessory fixation for a moment. how did he.... (POINTS) How did you get past the elementary students?

TA: The toilets exploded and I fell into the sewers.

NURSE: That doesn't taste like toilet water.

SAM: (NARROWS EYES) You taste toilet water?

NURSE: (QUIETLY) Nooo.

DEB: Oh I dont feel so good....Ahahahaha (ROARS) RRAARARAARAA (TURNS INTO DARTGOH THE CHAOS FIEND. THE SOCCER TROPHY IS ON HER HEAD)

NURSE: We are doomed . The ritual has failed. (NURSE and MCP FALL TO THE FLOOR IN TERROR)

MCP/NURSE: (BOTH TOGETHER) AAghhhhhhaaaaHHh we are going to die.

DEB: (CHARGES ABOUT MENACING EVERONE WITH HERE SOCCER TROPHY HORN) RRRRRAAAAAARRRRRrrrr!

TA: (MOVES TO WRESTLE THE MONSTER) Everybody OUT! Get out before you DIE you stupid sacks of donuts!

SAM: The trophy is its life...tear out the trophy.

TA: (Trying to tear the soccer trophy from Deb's head, they have a tug of war) The school will need a new soccer captain now that Deb is the Chaos Fiend From The Hornedskull Dimensions. Will you do it Sam?

SAM: Ummm I guess...-

(Bell rings)

SAM: There's the Bell.

NURSE: BELLLLLL!

(THEY START SPEAKING OVER EACH OTHER, WHILE BUSTLING ABOUT TO LEAVE)

MCP: OK lets wrap up for today.

SAM: Lets get outta here.

TA: Someday I will have my own class with my own Students. This place is not for me.

DARTGOH: I need to get back to binge watching Spongebob.

STUDENT 2: (HAPPILY) Alright alright.

MCP: What are you all gonna act like this is some crazy dream? Oh OK, Fine lets pick up the rest tomorrow then.

(THEY STOP SPEAKING OVER EACH OTHER)

(DARTGOH/DEB KNOCKS OVER THE **PROJECTOR** ONTO MRS C.P. IN THE BUSTLE TO LEAVE)

MCP : What? I am pinned to the floor? This cheap old projector thing is heavy. Why did they used to make everything so heavy?

(EVERYONE EXITS)

MCP: Oh no. I think I am dying. WAIT.....HELP. Oh they are gone. I just hope no good comes from my death. UHHHHHHHGGGg. UHHHHgggggg.

(TAKES A SIP OF WATER FROM A CONTAINER)

So this is it huh? The end. Why the hell was I always in such a hurry all my life? This is what all the rush is for? It is not so great. Maybe I will get to go see my friends in the Hornedskull Dimensions. (DIES)